

Literary Supplement



IRWIN EDMAN

Mr. Edman Reflects On A Cultural Life

Philosopher's Holiday by Irwin Edman. Viking Press. 1938. 270 pages. \$2.75.

When Professor Edman prefaces his book with an apology for not writing an autobiography, he absolves himself from presenting the orthodox chronology of a distinguished career. On leave of absence from stereotyped literary forms, Mr. Edman achieves an autobiographical effect through the leisurely review of the persons, places and ideas that have colored his experience.

Old pleasures of recognition greatly enrich the chapters on students and teachers. A Columbia professor, Mr. Edman has made philosophy popular without popularizing philosophy, and as a teacher fulfills all three of the functions he describes as being within the scope of the professional educator. Clearly, Mr. Edman can "initiate enthusiasms, clear paths, and inculcate discipline," and the discovery of such a figure is a heartening sign of the times.

Philosopher's Holiday may be read deliberately for its cogent considerations of politics, "culture" and education. (Continued on Page 7, Col. 3)

Admiral Byrd Finds Import Of Solitude

Alone by Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1938. 296 pages. \$2.50.

Richard Byrd's book, *Alone*, is an account of one man's discovery of "the ultimate meaning of loneliness." It is the tale of his spiritual struggle and his battle with saturating cold which sometimes reached eighty degrees below zero; with unending darkness, and silence "which is as real and solid as sound." Told in an impersonal way, the book is nevertheless such an intimate revelation that Admiral Byrd hesitated four years before writing it, for fear of making "an unseemingly show of my feelings," in telling of experiences in which suffering necessarily played a large part. That we finish the book with a whole hearted admiration for the man and his fellow workers is proof that he did escape the "unseemingly show."

While we may not have been convinced by Byrd's attempts to justify his decision to go to Advance Base, certainly the account of the actual stay is moving. Interspersed with excerpts from his diary, it tells of his efforts to follow through and to organize the thoughts of a lifetime, describes the scientific observations, (Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

I WANT TO READ

FICTION

D. Du Maurier, *Rebecca*
R. Verel, *Tides of Mont St. Michel*
V. Wolfe, *Three Guineas*
A. Maitraux, *Man's Hope*
R. Nathan, *Journey of Tapiola*
J. Steinbeck, *The Long Valley*
E. Wharton, *The Buccaneers*
M. De La Roche, *Growth of a Man*
H. Fallada, *Wolf Among Wolves*
E. Forbes, *The General's Lady*
R. Hughes, *In Hazard*
M. Kantor, *In The Noise of Their Wings*
H. Walpole, *The Joyful Delançys*
H. G. Wells, *Apropos of Delores*

NON-FICTION

R. E. Byrd, *Alone*
M. Halsey, *With Malice Towards Some*
C. Poore, *Goya*
J. Marks, *The Family Barrett*
C. Fadiman (editor), *Profiles From The New Yorker*
M. Armstrong, *Fanny Kemble; a Passionate Victorian*
H. Cain, *Life of Christ*
B. Damon, *Grandma Called It Carnal*
A. Maurois, *Chateaubriand: Poet, Statesman, Lover*
C. Van Doren, *Benjamin Franklin*
I. Paderewski and M. Lawton, *The Paderewski Memoirs*
E. Lanchester, *Charles Laughton and I*
M. Sanger, *Margaret Sanger: An Autobiography*
V. Brittain, *Thrice A Stranger*
M. Sullivan, *The Education Of An American*
G. Atherton, *Can Women Be Gentlemen?*

Mackenzie Analyzes Life Of Edward VIII

Englishman Creates Dignified Biography of Edward VIII In Refreshing Style

The Windsor Tapestry by Compton Mackenzie. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1938. 591 pages. \$3.75.

The Windsor Tapestry is a refreshing book to read. It is a good book in that it is an honest attempt by an Englishman, Compton Mackenzie, to analyze and explain the forces which brought about the abdication of Edward VIII. To do this he has used largely a biographical method.

TELLS PEOPLE'S HISTORY

The framework which holds the book together is the life of Edward, first as Prince of Wales, and then, briefly, as King of England. Starting in the year 1894, when Edward was born, Mr. Mackenzie gives us the history of England in an unusual manner. For not only does he explain the political complications and crises of Great Britain, but also he tells of all the small things which comprise a people's history, the opening of bridges, the exhibits, the fairs, the theatres, etc. In this manner, the reader realizes the magnificent complacency of the Victorian period, the pleasant easy-going contrast of the following Edwardian period, and finally the restoration of the English ideal in George V and Queen Mary, an English family, as human as any in the country. We realize the factors which could produce men like Stanley Baldwin, who, in contrast to Edward VIII, was constantly asserting his self-sacrifice to England, or else speaking against dynamic forces, such as Lloyd George, as the factors which would ultimately crush Great Britain. No doubt it is in these terms that he considered Edward later on. By his

constant reiteration of historical facts, Mr. Mackenzie makes us feel the rhythms of the time.

But, above all, *The Windsor Tapestry* is not a book of gossip and scandal. It makes a careful analysis of much of this type of material found in other biographies, and disproves it.

D. B. '41

Rachel Field Writes A Historical Novel

Builds Story on Great-Aunt's Life on Two Continents In Eras of Change



RACHEL FIELD

All This and Heaven Too, by Rachel Field. Macmillan Company, 1938. 596 pages. \$2.50.

Rachel Field's new book, *All This, and Heaven Too*, is more than run-of-the-mill fiction. It is one of the few contemporary novels which manages to penetrate the non-fiction fields of biography and history and emerge still clothed in the magnetic appeal of an absorbing story. Perhaps the keynote to this success lies in the superb real-life character available to the author as a focal point on which the accumulation of biographical and historical facts may be centered. Certainly without this character, the author's own great-aunt, the long narrative could not hang together. It would become two separate books, each quite complete in itself—one taking the reader behind the scenes of the notorious Praslin murder case in France, the other telling the problems and adjustment of a French bride plunged into the conventionality of rural New England.

From such judgment, however, the fascinating heroine holds the book far at bay. Mlle. Henriette Desportes was not only a woman of unusual depth and personal charm; she was also a figure of social significance, first as the pivot of one of France's most sensational murder cases, later as the wife of America's preacher-editor, Henry M. Field, youngest of the four famous brothers. On the brilliant canvas of her great-aunt's life, Rachel Field has fused the cumulative evidence of history, newspaper accounts, family legend, and her own imagination to paint a vivid, breath-taking picture of the notorious and inscrutably clever woman whose life embodied the spirit of two continents in social revolution.

Through her eyes the reader sees the social and intellectual life of pre-Revolutionary France as it was molded by the growing spirit of antagonism to the aristocracy. He joins in the family excitement over the laying of Cyrus W. Field's Atlantic Cable. He shares the heroine's friendships with William Cullen Bryant, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Fanny Kemble, Edward Youmans, Charles Scribner. He is reading more than a novel, more than the story of a woman's life; for *All This, and Heaven Too* is the expression of an era.

A. T. '39

L. Gilman Interprets Genius Of Toscanini

Describes Familiar Symphonies Clearly and Simply for All Lovers of Music

Toscanini and Great Music by Lawrence Gilman. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1938. 198 pages. \$2.50.

We do not refer to Deanna Durbin's movie when we say that Lawrence Gilman, music critic of the *Herald Tribune*, in *Toscanini and Great Music* was justified in describing the great conductor as "Mad about Music." Gilman's conception tallies with that of Plato who, in his *Phaedrus*, spoke of genius as divine madness. Gilman tells us that Toscanini combines genius with an "unqualified devotion" for music, "filling him with a divine humility, a divine ecstasy of revelation, a divine excess of love."

Since Toscanini is so inseparably linked with his music, Gilman is wise to show him to us through his music. He wastes no time on biographical detail, leaving that for less-gifted fact gatherers, but plunges into an analysis of seven great composers' works as interpreted by the maestro. With a vocabulary range that puts to shame the emotional mouthings of ordinary music critics, he describes such familiar symphonies as Brahms *First*, and Beethoven's *Seventh*, and Debussy's *Fete*. Just as Toscanini has shown Gilman new possibilities in (Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

Mme. Chiang Writes From Chinese Front

(Printed in bomb-ridden Hankow by non-English speaking printers. To be published later in the U. S.)

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, referring to her book in a recent letter to Wellesley, writes, "I send you my 'brain child'. It should probably have its hair cut, its ears scrubbed, and, also, perhaps, its nails clipped in some places, but I hope you'll overlook its unkemptness." Thus, Mayling Soong Chiang, Wellesley College's most prominent alumna, presents, with characteristic modesty, autographed first editions of her *Messages in War and Peace* to American friends who have sent material aid for her Chinese relief work. "These copies," she writes, "are of interest because some of the imperfections are due to the unusual difficulties we are undergoing here in Hankow owing to war conditions."

COLLECTION OF MESSAGES

Part 1 of Madame Chiang's *Messages in War and Peace* is a collection of war speeches, press despatches, and letters. Due to its nature the collection is essentially repetitious, for although the content of every article is qualified according to the group to whom it is addressed, each is practically the same. The collapse of treaties, the ineffectiveness of the League of Nations, and the aloofness of the democracies themselves feed the source of the welling stream of Madame Chiang's disillusionment and bitterness. She points out that by failing to protest against the violation of treaties, the United States and Britain are not only shirking their responsibility to China but they are condoning the actions of aggressive Japan. And even though these nations ignore the legal transgressions, it is incomprehensible to the author

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)



CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Miss Skinner Views Life's Lighter Side

Dithers and Jitters by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Dodd, Mead & Company, 1938. 168 pages. \$2.00.

When an author with a sense of humor airs her pet peeves and embarrassing moments for the reading public, the result is almost sure to be a real literary laugh! In *Dithers and Jitters*, Cornelia Otis Skinner, as she laughs at herself in many familiar situations, gives us all the much needed reminder of how much fun it is to be the funny people we are.

Here Miss Skinner is most amusing as the fond parent, a little bit at sea in the charmed circle of the social life of a small son. The blackest moments of parenthood are revealed—the terrible awkwardness of being a parent in the *sanctum sanctorum* of a children's party and the harrowing experience of trying to be a polite hostess to self-possessed young things who furtively pour the soup in the centerpiece and deposit their braces in the paper napkins!

PASSIONS AND INDIGNATIONS

Organizer and only acknowledged member of the S. P. B. T. S. (Society for the Prevention of the Behavior of Throat Specialists), Miss Skinner writes graphically of the well remembered hours we have all spent in the waiting rooms of doctors' offices. Her picture of those waiting rooms, invariably filled with fifteen or twenty other sinners and sneezes victims who emit loud bronchial notes at intervals and avidly devour *The Annual Report of the American Medical Society*, and, somewhat more secretly, a dog-eared copy of *Screen Romances*, is a very familiar one.

There are side splitting accounts of those tense dinners for out of town business men, and the unfortunate appearance of American women in really "good" English tweeds. Here also are the author's short lived passions for bird lore and astronomy, her frantic efforts to master the sublimating contortions of Yoga, and her weakness for those cosmetics of the romantic names that guarantee an ounce of glamour per jar!

These and many other indignations, suppressed desires, and enthusiasms are the delightful matter of *Dithers and Jitters*. Miss Skinner has also that rare talent for the apt phrase that makes her style as fresh and original as her subject matter. Although *Dithers and Jitters* does not pretend to be a profound commentary on life, it is certainly an amusing and penetrating one that has laughter and more for many long days and blue moments!

J. S. '40

Grey Book Privileges Today Offer Contrast To Past Iron-clad Rules

By Anne Blackmar

The lean Grey Book that ruled the class of 1913 commanded undergraduates not to indulge on Sunday in any driving, boating, skating, or bicycling whatsoever; yet the members of the class of 1942 chafe at restrictions requiring them to walk their bikes after dusk and on Central Street.

It seems hardly reasonable that today Sophomores frown upon the necessity of hoarding 11:30's and one o'clocks, or that they scowl while frantically scribbling or telegraphing home for eleventh hour approved chaperons. Little do they realize that their state is a blissful one compared to that of the Wellesley girl in 1911 who was under no condition allowed to wander evenings beyond campus limits without a chaperon approved by the Faculty. Evenings, to be specific, started at 7:30 or 8:00 p. m.

Moreover, authorities of that time entirely denied undergraduates the present golden privilege of entering the precincts of men's colleges. The Grey Book, after firmly stating this fact, continued, "Note: The term 'precincts' shall be understood to include the Harvard Yard."

Upperclassmen attending annual rules-and-regulations meetings in September, 1938, uttered suppressed howls of joy upon hearing the new law that allows students to participate in in-

dividual sports on Sunday from 12:30 p. m. on. These privileged students should stand in silent awe upon learning that in 1912 Sunday sports were barely mentioned. That the radical thought of playing tennis or golf, or even of leaving the campus at all, might occur to anyone on the Holy Day was highly improbable. In addition, emphasis was placed upon the presence (or should I say absence?) of men. They were taboo at all hours of the Sabbath unless invited to morning chapel or Vespers. Even so, they were required to leave without escorting their ladies home.

As a result of the requirements of Wellesley of the '90's, a member of faculty government often snooped through the halls in order to condemn any daring student who might poke her nose into a silent corridor after 10:00 p. m. And woe to the undergraduate who neglected to snap off her light at that hour! Moreover, smoking in rooms was unheard of as late as six years ago. Even in 1928 that particular dissipation was completely forbidden.

We, as undergraduates in 1938, should thus obey to the letter and respect the rules that allow us liberal freedom and be thankful that we do not live in the age when prominent boathouse signs instructed husky crews not to roll stockings below the knees.

COLLEGE HOUSES SHOW THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Carols, Mimmers' Play, Dinners and Parties Set Gay Holiday Tane; Santa Makes Early Trips

Christmas may be a week away, but Wellesley dormitories are swinging into the festive spirit with formal dinners and informal parties planned at most of the houses.

Stone, Davis, Eliot and Severance halls started their gayety on Monday evening with Christmas dinners, Stone continuing with a party, Davis with carols, Severance with a mimmers' play, and Eliot anticipating their party on Wednesday. Tuesday evening saw a dinner and informal party at Beebe, while the entire orchestra furnished a Christmas musical for Claffin's celebration and Shafer provided its own music with old-fashioned caroling. Santa Claus himself will make a pre-season trip to be present at Pomeroy's party on Wednesday. Mungersites will hear minstrels wandering through their dining room and see a play presented by sophomores the same evening.

Severance's mimmers' play, *St. George and the Dragon*, was of double interest, since in addition to being a Christmas presentation it was written by Professor Roger S. Loomis of Columbia University, a frequent lecturer at Wellesley. As an authority on

Arthurian legend he undertook to write a "modernized version" of the story of St. George, building mainly upon tradition and the account in Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native*. The players emphasized the modern spirit by a humorously exaggerated interpretation of the actions and satiric old English dialogue.

The characters in this play were: King Arthur, Virginia Grier '40; his bride, Doris Breed '40; King Cole, Jean Havekotte '42; Turkish Knight, Zelda Berlin '42; Molly, Adrienne Thorn '39; Mussolini, Elizabeth Stewart '39; Doctor, Betty Beiler '40; King of Egypt, Joan Guiterman '42; Sabra, Grace Person '40; St. George, Laura Ahlstrom '39; Dragon, Camilla Davis '39. Barbara Walling '40 and Caroline Price '42 directed the play.

Mr. Zahner Analyzes Diversity Of Words

Speaking to a group of education students and faculty members, Mr. Zahner of the Groton school discussed the bearing of language on general education, December 12.

The speaker read selections from different types of literature, including Shelley's poetry, historical writing, advertisements, editorials, and personal letters to show how language differs, in what cases it is direct and easy to understand, and when it depends on interpretation.

The dictionary, according to Mr. Zahner, is of no use in itself. To understand a word, the student must

"HOW EXTRAORDINARY!"

Miss Helen Merrill '86, retired professor of Mathematics, recalls Matthew Arnold's visit to Wellesley in her Sophomore year at college. The author, a tall, gaunt, rather ungainly figure, came walking in the door of the reception hall. He was ushered into the center of the hall where he stood and gave one comprehensive look about him. He then said "Extraordinary!" and dashed across the room, then out by the side door. Some of the girls, pursuing him, found him down by the lake, admiring the view and still saying "Extraordinary!" He seemed quite overcome, and that was his only comment.

Lectures were usually scheduled for four o'clock, but Matthew Arnold wanted to give his at 3:30, right straight off, so he would have time to wander around and see the college afterwards. Speaking in College Hall Chapel, he began, "40 years ago when I was a student at Oxford there were voices in the air which haunt my memory still—," and then by way of refreshing his haunted memory, he turned abruptly to consult his notes to see what those voices were.

have the total context in its particular situation.

Mr. Zahner maintained that most people do their reading quickly, without thinking of the literal meaning. Before starting to read, the student should examine his material and decide what technique to employ. For example, in reading Shelley, he should attempt to discover the poet's mood; in other reading it may be important to discern the intent of the writer.

The most direct and simplest words refer to objects and physical acts. For adequate expression, one must also use fiction words, words that refer to anything not directly present to the senses. Man cannot get along without these short-hand expressions.

During the second hour of his lecture, Mr. Zahner criticized a reading test, pointing out its faults, and demonstrating its inadequacy as a test of powers of comprehension.

REVIEW ENLISTS EIGHT EDITORS FOR MAGAZINE

The Wellesley Review Editorial Board has announced the election of the following new members: Betty Blier '40, Harriet Lundgaard '40, Anne Remington '40, Nancy Chisler '41, Yvonne Jones '41, Clara Cohen '41, Elizabeth Hartz '41, Elisabeth Green '41.

The money which the Review Board members would ordinarily use for a welcome dinner for its members has been donated by them to Service Fund for emergency relief work.

Review has also announced a contest to be fully explained in the January issue. Girls who hand in the most constructive suggestions for revising the magazine will be rewarded by seeing their proposals adopted in the February issue.

MME. CHIANG SCORES DEMOCRACIES' APATHY

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 4)

that they can overlook the ruthless and indecent conduct of warfare perpetrated by the Japanese in their policy of "wholesale murder." "Humanitarianism," she says, "has been tossed to the winds, and with it is fast going hope in justice."

BENEFITS OF WAR

Pearl S. Buck has stated recently that the present war is in some ways very beneficial to China, and Madame Chiang in the face of suffering and calamity also recognizes the good being wrought from the evil. "Our country is finding its soul," she writes. The exigencies of war are engendering a cooperative spirit and a national re-generation fostered by the New Life Movement and People's Economic Reconstruction Movement.

Japan's policy "to beat China to her knees" is emphasized consistently throughout her *Messages*. With a continental empire as Japan's immediate aim, Madame Chiang points out not only the ultimate goal of the aggressor but also a disastrous worldwide effect in the event of the realization of the aggressor's dream. Here again she refers to the lethargic democracies, for she says, "What is to be done to protect the world is the business of the world."

THOUGHTS OF WELLESLEY

Between the covers of corn flower blue, the color of her class of 1917, Madame Chiang's thoughts turn occasionally to her Alma Mater and "to the young women who will be marching from the Wellesley hall of learning into universal confusion." "Indeed," she writes, "you will need all your learning, all your philosophy, all of your courage, and all of the faith in God of which human beings are capable, to look the world that I see straight in the face."

The style in the last half of the book offers a contrast to the comprehensive journalistic style of Part I. In her versatile and gifted manner, Madame Chiang leads us from her essays on religion and pre-war problems, through delightful narrative descriptions of her journeys with the Generalissimo, to the short stories of old China. When we finish, awe and wonder have been added to our respect for this courageous Wellesley sister, whose twenty-year absence from an English speaking country has in no way lessened the power and delight of her pen.

M. D. '39

C. G. Approves New Plan For Amendment

The College Government Senate has passed the proposed amendment to the constitution which was posted on house bulletin boards a few weeks ago for the approval of the student body. The accepted amendment revises Article VIII to the extent that either the Senate or 100 members of the organization may propose an amendment; formerly this privilege rested only with the members of the Association. It also eliminates the necessity of waiting a week between the time at which the amendment is first discussed in the Senate and the time at which that body votes upon it. Nor is a two-thirds majority of the Senate any longer required to refer proposed amendments to the College Government Association for a vote; a simple majority of Senate votes is now sufficient.

The accepted amendment read as follows:

Article VIII—Amendments

"An amendment to this constitution may be proposed by the Senate or by 100 members of the organization. This amendment must be submitted to the Recording Secretary in writing and be signed by members presenting it. The proposed amendment shall be posted at least a week before it is presented to the Senate for discussion. A majority vote of the Senate shall be necessary to refer the amendment to the Association for vote. A majority vote of the members of the Association shall be required for its adoption, subject to the approval of the Academic Council. Such amendments to the Constitution shall not become valid until a copy of such amendment, dated and signed by the President of the College, and by the President of the Association is in the files of the Senate, and a copy similarly dated and signed has been placed in the Office of the President of the College."

FREE PRESS

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

To Wellesley College News: "Bibliophile." The "retort courteous" to B. G. '39. "We call our fathers fools, so wise we grow."

Doubtless our wiser sons will think us so."

Pope's Essays.

A group of alumnae who read her review of "This Was Sandra."

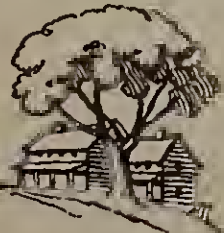
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The Youngest

We think nearly everyone will agree that Fall Formats this year was one of Barnswallow's best productions in a long time. While Philip Barry's play, *The Youngest*, was not likely to set the world on fire, it was also unlikely to touch off any local bombs. It succeeded in its purpose of entertainment. The theme, "Treat a mouse like a lion, he'll grow a mane overnight," is not new, but it is amusing and mildly provocative of thought to anyone who cares to spend the time on it.

The acting itself was above average and there was a general understanding of the needs of the show not often found in amateur productions. Allan Stevenson was outstanding in his confidence, and sympathetic treatment of Richard, and with a developed sense of timing and a light touch he set the tempo of the play as a whole. Ellen Libby '39, as Nancy Blake, did nothing to let down the fast movement, and with a deftness of touch and sure understanding of the fluctuations of Nancy's character gave a mature performance. Harold Trefethen made an Oliver whose very humor lay in his lack of humor. The authoritative manner which he assumed was so odious that we all rejoiced at his humiliation. In strong contrast to Oliver stood his mother, Mrs. Winslow, most amusingly portrayed by Constance Brown '39. The fluttering hands, small voice, and nervous little giggle which she affected set off the character very well, and to us one of the high points of the play came when Mrs. Winslow said, in a tone previously reserved for Oliver and God, "Be quiet, children, Richard is speaking." Elizabeth Siverd '41, and Camilla Davis '39, made totally different types of the sisters Muff and Augusta. We hated the latter's affectation almost as much as we felt drawn to the former's forthrightness, sprightly wit, general pep, and likeability.

Elmer Stimets and Richard Robbins were both additions to the play's good points, the former going about his stage job in a decidedly un-Winslowian calm, while the latter was constantly on edge, switching from geniality to boorishness to fury on various occasions. Beside contrast, emphasis was placed upon the "transfer of rights" in more than the merc legal sense of the word. The babble at the beginning of the play, and the feeling toward Richard which it indicated, was very significant in the later light of the outcome, but at the time of seeing it we could not help wishing that the confusion would be less so that we might understand exactly what was happening.

Perhaps we should not bring the subject up, but it seemed to us that the color scheme of the setting was not worthy of the rest of the production. Quite frankly it did not create the light midsummer atmosphere needed, and consequently greater strain was placed upon the actors themselves, whether they felt it or not.

On the whole, however, *The Youngest* was a success and Mr. Robert Bardwell, the director, should feel complimented by the finished manner in which it was presented.

L. S. '39

L. GILMAN INTERPRETS GENIUS OF TOSCANINI

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 4)

music often heard, Gilman translates the subtler aspects of music, known only to the trained ear, into words which the most untrained eye can read.

So closely has he identified his mind with the changes which appear in a score when it is conducted by Toscanini that he is able to tell us indirectly how to listen to music. He deplores those commentators who wage pitched battles as to whether Brahms' *D Major Symphony* is an "Idyl," or whether the "undercurrent of tragedy" takes it out of this category. "Perhaps," he says, "If we were less eager to put works of art in

Campus Critic



Tour of Boston Galleries

The Boston galleries offer no especially outstanding exhibitions this week, showing instead the work of several artists of varying degrees of fame and excellence. The well-known etchings and drypoints of R. D. Woiceske, at Doll and Richards, are most appropriate to the season. Woiceske glorifies the country; his technique is painstaking, workmanlike, and his effects occasionally startlingly photographic. These prints are all snow scenes, most of them studies of the landscape quietly buried in snow; even in the few stormy compositions like *Blizzard*, Woiceske has emphasized tranquillity. *Milky Way* is one of the loveliest and most unusual of the prints; a landscape at twilight, difficult as a subject, is rendered with knowledge, depth, and charm. Several excellent studies of trees further illustrate Mr. Woiceske's skill as a draughtsman. Among these *The Veteran* is to be remembered for its clear, fine line and its unusual patterns of branches and shadows on the snow. *White Magic* and *Windblown Birches* are two more faithful and lovely studies. *Winter in the Catskills* and *Tranquillity* are landscapes of unbelievable clarity, full of the cold, still peace of winter. *Winter Forage*, a study of silos and haystacks, and the moonlit landscape called *Silver Light*, contain something of the quaintness of Currier and Ives prints. This show is unpretentious, and illustrates the sincerity and capability of Mr. Woiceske as an artist.

By way of contrast, watercolors by William Jewell are also on exhibition in this gallery. These New England farm and coast scenes are bright in color and up-to-date in technique, good but not outstanding. The farm studies are more convincing than the seascapes and harbor subjects. Most unusual for its composition and most interesting for its color is *Rocky River Corn Silos*. Effects of bright, clear light are found in almost all the paintings, and rendered with peculiar conviction.

water-tight compartments, we should discover that such problems are for the most part imaginary."

Above all we come to a new appreciation of a conductor's task in making little black-stemmed notes come to life. A good conductor is a creator; he does not merely follow a pattern which has been laid down for him. The difference in musical performances is seen not as one of kind but of degree. A conductor like Toscanini can see nuances of expression, truth, and beauty in an intimate manner which simply does not exist for ordinary mortals who have not consecrated their lives to their work. Members of Music 206 will find this book an invaluable companion. Besides giving specific analysis of compositions, it brings a new understanding of the composers, sketching a sufficient historical background for them. A sudden thrill sweeps over the reader of this book as he realizes afresh that we can turn to music for a sense of values and permanency often lost in a world that seems to be tumbling about our ears.

M. P. '39

The Grace Horne gallery is showing, until December 17, a variety of works. Perhaps most interesting of all are the pieces of experimental ceramics, highly decorative and showing the constant progress made in pottery design and technique.

Mary Aiken's watercolors of England and Mexico are also good decoration. Miss Aiken has an unfortunate tendency to read too much meaning into her subjects. The best aspects of her work are shown in *Burr-reed and Winchelsea*, a purely decorative piece showing an unusual sense of design both in line and color. Miss Aiken's instincts for design are greater than her appreciation of significance. Her childish fondness for symbolism and mystery appears in *Are They Not Human Too?*, a haphazard composition of date-palms and fantastic cloud-shapes. The rather gruesome *Thirty Pieces of Silver* is symbolic in a more adult manner, but hardly justifies the artist's efforts in interpretation. Foot-bridge over the Brede and Tiles Need Replacing are two more of her most effective compositions; in the first the rolling landscape is simplified and conventionalized in an unusual manner, while in the second the flat areas of effective color give peculiar interest to the composition.

Lawrence Beali Smith is essentially an illustrator and caricaturist, although some portrait drawings are included in his exhibition of drawings and lithographs (also at the Grace Horne Galleries). His illustrations for "Madame Bovary" are original and subtle. His satire, in these and in other examples, is mild but telling; *Theater Magic* and *The File* are characteristically drawn with freedom of technique and clever perception. He is interested in social problems and all types of people, combining his inclination toward ridicule with a genuine sympathy for his subjects, as in the lithograph *Penthouse* and the drawing *Ring-Around-the-Chimney*. *Between Trains*, a study of two porters in a manner strongly suggestive of Thomas Benton, is also cleverly and capably drawn.

In the small group show in the same gallery, Karl Zerbe's gauche *In Southern France* is effectively splashy in technique and brilliant in color. Two winter landscapes in watercolor—*Near Groton* by Prescott Jones, and *Return of the Hunter* by Paul Sample, are also noteworthy.

E. K. '39

PHILOSOPHER TELLS OF CULTURAL EXPERIENCES

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 1)

tion. But there is a strong temptation to follow the wandering aesthete through pre-war New York and the remote Continental villages of his mature travels with an eye to the beauty he so easily transmits, and an ear for the dry humor that runs beneath the surface of the spontaneous narrative. Whichever attitude the reader assumes he cannot help enjoying the company

Christmas Vespers

The Christmas music of various peoples and ages brought the Christmas spirit to the throng attending the Vesper services in the Chapel Sunday evening, December 11. The occasion was one upon which man's yearly homage to the age-old miracle of Christmas Eve was blended with a new and more specific purpose—that of offering material aid to the sufferers of world persecution today. Thus it seemed that the words contained in the Sussex Carol, which the choir sang directly after Mr. Greene's playing of Bach's great *Prelude and Fugue in G-major*, bore a significant message for both ruler and oppressed:

"Then why should men on earth be sad,

Since my redeemer made us glad.

When from our sin He set us free,

All for to gain our liberty."

The meaning of the words of the opening carol, *On Christmas Night*, was conveyed to the audience with a startling clarity of enunciation which continued throughout the entire program. Whether French, as in *The Miracle of St. Nicholas*, German and Latin, as in *In Natali Domine* and *Psallite Unigenito*, or English, there were few if any blurred syllables or weak consonants. This is an amazing achievement for a group of one hundred and eighty voices.

Other admirable qualities of singing were the precision and balance in rapid and accented passages, notably so in *Diug-dong! Merrily On High*, *Wake Gentle Shepherds*, and *Psallite Unigenito*; the floating quality which made *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming* such unusual choir singing, and the excellent training which made possible a noticeably solid integration of voices and a variety of dynamic contrasts. I speak particularly of the effective endings of *The Miracle of St. Nicholas*, *Masters in this Hall*, *Wake Gentle Shepherds*, *Now Leave your Flocks*, and the final *Hallelujah* from the *Mount of Olives*. This last, though not a spectacular close, was one of large dimensions, and was convincingly performed.

Subject to unfavorable criticism was a slight fatigue in the voices themselves, notably in the soprano section. We wondered if this meant too much supper, or too much rehearsal. For in spite of the vigor and enthusiasm displayed, that Sunday morning freshness was gone—which is, I suppose, natural. This, however, did not detract too much from our enjoyment of really good singing.

R. O. '39

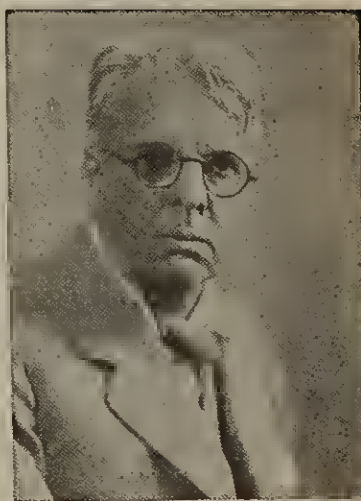
of a contemporary New Yorker intent on a holiday.

The school master who so impressed Goldsmith must have been very like Professor Edman. In the presence of a figure of such varied interests and achievements, a teacher who is always the scholar and never the pedant, one can only gaze and wonder "that one small head held all he knew." In the wealth of discussion the reflections on philosophy prove most enlightening, those on music most inspiring, and the frequent personal incidents by far the most entertaining. And from the whole emerges a completely human portrait of that highly prized intellectual rarity, an American liberal.

B. G. '39

W. B. Yeats Cites Varied Experiences

The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats. 479 pp. New York, The Macmillan Company. \$5.



WILLIAM B. YEATS

A great poet and a master of prose here sets down his own story, that of a boy who "found it hard to attend to anything less interesting than his thoughts." William Butler Yeats developed from a sensitive, lonely boy into a young man interested in psychical research and mystical philosophy, then into a poet seeing deeply into the hearts of men. His father was a painter, his maternal grandfather had sailed the seven seas; the combination resulted in a man who "gave tongue to the sea-cliffs."

BOYHOOD IN IRELAND

Yeats writes of his boyhood in his grandparents' home in Ireland, where he learned to love his homeland passionately, where he absorbed the wealth of folk lore which had developed in a land of imaginative people. One of his later aims in life, as shown by his foundation of the Irish Literary Society, and later the Irish National Theatre, was to bring the two halves, Protestant and Catholic Ireland, together, perhaps by "a national literature that made Ireland beautiful in the memory, and yet had been freed from provincialism by an exacting criticism, an European pose."

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

Yeats has kept his finger on the pulse of both intellectual and political activity in his time. He writes of famous personalities such as William Morris, Oscar Wilde, Lady Gregory, Maude Gonne, George Moore, and Florence Farr; he is ever alert, interested in personalities, and he makes these names live. Yeats has "kept back nothing necessary to understanding."

In one thing only does Yeats consider himself different from others of his "tragic generation." He is very religious. He replaced the simple faith of childhood with poetic tradition, personages, and emotions, "passed on from generation to generation by poets and painters with some help from philosophers and theologians." He thought imagination was the deepest instinct of man, and therefore the way to truth.

The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats is an experience in contact with a keen, imaginative soul, never static, strongly philosophical, and vividly alive.

M. E. '40

A BOOK FOR EVERY INTEREST

Elsa Lanchester, *Charles Laughton and I*—gay biography.
Robert Nathan, *Journey of Tapiola*—animal whimsy at its cleverest.
R. C. Hutchinson, *Testament*—serious, about Russia.
E. B. White, *The Fox of Peapack*—witty verse comment.
Maribel Vinson, *Primer of Figure Skating*—by a veteran champion.
Kenneth Grahame, *The Reluctant Dragon*—fairy lore for little sister.
Antonina Vallentin, *Leonardo da Vinci*—the man, his art, and his time.
Robert Taft, *Photography and the American Scene*—a country and an art shown in the making.
John Erskine, *The Start of the Road*—Walt Whitman in fiction.
Burch and Ripberger, *The Music Quiz*—"ask-me-anothers" from classics to swing.
T. S. Eliot, *The Family Reunion*—his newest verse drama.
Clemence Dane, *The Moon is Feminine*—good romantic fiction.
Clifton Fadiman edits *Profiles From the New Yorker*—sketches of celebrities.

Beethoven, the Bullfrog, Creates Musical Atmosphere for Vivarium

By Nancy Siverd '41

Today I had a rendez-vous with such members of the Wellesley Vivarium as Beethoven, the bullfrog, the snake with a stomach ache, and a Mantus who was offering twenty minutes of silent prayer.

Approaching Mr. Weiner, I inquired about the occupants of this somewhat stifling dwelling place. We started with the alligators who looked exceedingly stupid. Rather disappointedly I asked if, sometimes, they didn't exhibit more activity.

"They're, how you say it—nasty!" he exclaimed. "Awfully hard to train in fact, just like bringing up babies. One day last summer two alligators got loose. We found them out fishing in the trout stream."

Passing on to the turtles, I noticed a particular gleam in my escort's eye. "You like them?" I ventured.

"The snappier the better," he added.

Snakes Receive Vacation

"I give them a vacation sometimes. I let them crawl over the floor," my how-do-you-say-it man boasted. I shivered as I looked at these fortunate recipients of a vacation. They were long, squirming snakes of all sorts. Not caring much for the species of the reptiles, I moved on to a so-called Hell-bender, a member of the Class Amphibia. This creature, I found out, is one of the few which too many baths can harm. If clean, he will die.

Almost all the fish in the vivarium

have been caught by Mr. Weiner himself. Except for the few tropical species, such as the African Catfish and the Angel fish, they have all been obtained from nearby waters. One of the most intriguing species present was the Puffer or Blow Fish. When taken out of the salt water, it objects and blows up like a balloon.

Beethoven, the vivarium's Bull Frog, caused a sudden outburst from my formerly reticent guide—"You want to know why I named him what I did?" he asked. From his somewhat disconnected story I inferred that the Bull Frog corresponded to Mr. Weiner's opinion of Beethoven. After seeing a film on the composer, he came home and named the Bull Frog for the musician.

Guinea Pigs Chatter

After we had looked at the famed white rats, some of which had been born that morning, we passed on to the guinea pigs. Mr. Weiner chuckled at the thought of them. "They so much remind me of women gossiping out the windows of a tenement house." Each little pig had his paws hanging over the stall, his head turned in the direction of his chattering neighbor.

There's something about the atmosphere of the vivarium that is mysterious. When entering there alone, I always feel that I am being watched—perhaps it is Beethoven, who seeks revenge for his nickname; then too, it might be the Blow Fish looking for a new victim—to say nothing of the snapping turtle who could do nicely with a chunk of leg!

S. S. LIFEBOUY RIVALS CREW?

The Davis Hall flood sensation of three weeks ago has been surpassed by an even more serious situation in the rear washroom of Severance's second floor. This washroom is in an almost constantly flooded condition, because of careless bathers and showerers who are too lavish with the H₂O. Conceding that cleanliness is next to godliness, the corridor occupants have made no effort to limit the number of baths or bathers, but are attacking the problem from a different angle. Placarded on the wall are five posters, labeled Monday through Friday. First is a subtle cartoon of a swimmer practicing her crawl in the submerged portions of the washroom. Second is a rather untechnical architect's drawing of a siphon from the second floor to alleviate the customary inundation. Third is a proposal of a yacht club in which each member may have, for the fee of two hair-ribbons, her private dinghy to carry her from the door to her destination and back. Members, it says, will be expected to observe the customary rules of courtesy when encountering other crafts. Fourth is the official registration for said yacht club, with names of owners and dinghies. Included among the latter are the S. S. Lifebuoy, the Flagship S. S. Drippin' Drain (pictured on the fifth placard), and the Open Faucet III—all the Unpulled Curtain. The entire venture seems to warrant careful consideration by the public. Who knows—it may some day rival the Wellesley crew and Co.!

College Notes

Engaged

Jane Lundquist '39, to Frederick W. French, Massachusetts Institute Technology '39.

Helen E. Thompson '39, to William T. Matthews, Columbia '31, Columbia University Law School '34.

Betty Ballantine '40, to Herbert Dorsey, Harvard '34.

Miss James Bruce Ross, Vassar '25, University of Chicago, now of the Wellesley faculty, to Mr. Howard K. Beale, University of Chicago and Harvard University. To be married on December 26 in Chicago.

Miss Margaret Jeffrey, now a member of the Wellesley College faculty, to Dr. David McKenzie Rioch, Butler College and Johns Hopkins Medical School. To be married December 23.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Married

Virginia Sandford Gibbs ex-'29 to Joseph P. Smyth, Columbia University and Brooklyn Law School '33.

CAMPUS CRIER



FOUND—Approximately four hundred Wellesley freshmen whose eyes had to be propped open for classes on the morning of Monday, Dec. 12. If any one discovers an old, unwanted source theme, the chances for selling it are still good.

FOUND—On Sunday morning, Dec. 11, at 3:00 a. m., two of the Harvard overflow from Fall Formals whistling merrily in Stone-Davis court. If the owners desire details, a certain "Juliet" in Davis can supply more than enough information.

FOUND—Fallen angels with dirty faces, at the bottom of Observatory Hill.

FOUND—The Christmas spirit. Owner may claim same by wearing a broad grin and a sprig of holly until 3:30 P. M., on Thursday.

LOST—One abridged edition of Ramoncho. Will the borrower please return to Homestead before Thursday, Dec. 15, as many in the house are anxious to pass the quizzes to be given that day.

LOST—A pair of gray suede, lined gloves. Last seen in the Geology Building. Please return them to Carol Lewis in Davis.

LOST—All but the merest suggestion of a first alto voice. It began to slip away in Chapel Sunday morning. After it had caroled its way feebly around campus and the Vil in the evening, it deserted me. Please notify E. L. R., Severance.

WANTED—One new story about the College Hall fire.

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